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MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL

TODAY'S OUTDOOR LINEUP

COURTESY OF THE JAZZ FESTIVAL
Gadji-Gadjo, at 7 p.m.

Noon: Alan Gerber Solo (Place du Complexe Desjardins, inside) – U.S. boogie-woogie pianist was a hit at the festival four years back.
Noon: Aces of Dixieland (Terrasse Grand Marnier) – The Jazz Festival's Dixie bands are its unsung heroes; hear them blow their horns.
1 p.m.: Bourbon Street (Terrasse Grand Marnier) – The soundtrack to summer in the city's core.
2 p.m.: La Petite École du Jazz (Place du Complexe Desjardins, inside) – An engaging jazz tutorial for the kids, led by long-serving mandarin James Gelfand.
3 p.m.: La Bande à Jazz de l'École Curé Antoine Labelle (General Motors stage) – CEGEP band.
3:30 p.m.: La Petite École du Jazz (Place du Complexe Desjardins, inside) – See 2 p.m.
4 p.m.: Bourbon Street (Bell stage) – See 1 p.m.
5 p.m.: Zéphyrologie Starlouz Fanfare Brass Band (Festival stage) – Hard-blowing La Sarthe horn section takes a working man's approach and loves to mix it up with the crowd.
5:30 p.m.: Festival Parade with Swing Tonique (Departs from Bell Stage) – Follow Swing Tonique as they criss-cross the festival site, horns a-blazing.
6 p.m.: Yvan Belleau (General Motors stage) – Clarinettist Belleau pays tribute to his forebears.
6:15 p.m.: Zéphyrologie Starlouz Fanfare Brass Band (Festival stage) – See 5 p.m.
6:30 p.m.: Tommy Emmanuel (Carrefour General Motors) – Chet Atkins raved about this Aussie guitarist, and he flabbergasted this festival last year.
7 p.m.: The Granary All-Stars Blues Band (Labatt Bleue stage) – Stephen Barry lends bass support to these old-school bluesmen.
7 p.m.: Gadji-Gadjo (Terrasse Grand Marnier) – A Montreal sextet swings it louche and manouche in the gypsy style.
7 p.m.: Pierre de Bethman Ilume Quintet (Club Jazz TD Canada Trust) – Strength and finesse come hand-in-hand from this pianist and his outfit.
7:30 p.m.: Ex-Centric Sound System (Bleue Légère stage) – Former Bowie bassist Yossi Fine brings electro-hybrid music and dynamic stage show.
8 p.m.: Sylvain Cossette Quartette (Festival stage) – Not the pop singer, a talented jazz guitarist in play for the Grand Prix de Jazz.
8 p.m.: Dapp Theory (Bell stage) – Andy Milne is no slouch: He woodshedded with Steve Coleman's Five Elements.
8 p.m.: Joan Bender (Loto-Québec stage) – The young New Yorker blends cabaret with Brazilian on her Star Eyes release.
9 p.m.: Garland Jeffreys (General Motors stage) – The Ghost Writer returns to the festival he charmed in 2002.
9 p.m.: Harmonica Knights (Labatt Bleue stage) – Three blues harps, no waiting; features Mark Stafford, Jerome Godboo, Bharat Rajakumar.
9 p.m.: Nathalie Cora (Carrefour General Motors) – Cora will perform original compositions, pieces borrowed from traditional West African kora repertoire, and selections from her recent album.
10 p.m.: Dapp Theory (Bell stage) – See 8 p.m.
10 p.m.: Joan Bender (Loto-Québec stage) – See 8 p.m.
10 p.m.: Yerba Buena (Bleue Légère stage) – Transplanted Latin/New York band keeps the spirit of Celia Cruz alive.
10 p.m.: Sylvain Cossette Quartette (Festival stage) – See 8 p.m.
10 p.m.: Pierre de Bethman Ilume Quintet (Club Jazz TD Canada Trust) – See 7 p.m.
11 p.m.: Garland Jeffreys (General Motors stage) – See 9 p.m.
11 p.m.: The Granary All-Stars Blues Band (Labatt Bleue stage) – See 7 p.m.
Midnight: Pulse Nu Jazz Trio Sessions with Dan Thouin, Max Sansalone and Adrian Vedady (Savoy - Metropolis) – Three jazz veterans shake and stir up a lively jam-session nightcap.
12:30 a.m.: Harmonica Knights (Place du Complexe Desjardins, inside) – See 9 p.m.

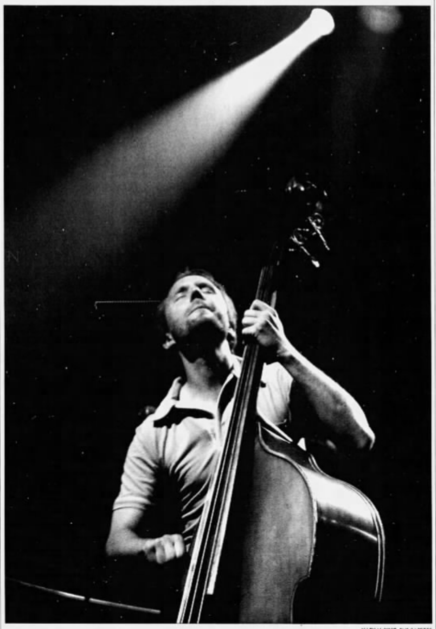
FROM GAZETTE FILES
Garland Jeffreys, at 9 and 11 p.m.

TODAY'S PICKS

8 p.m. Dapp Theory (Bell stage) – Andy Milne is no slouch: he woodshedded with Steve Coleman's Five Elements, and his band overheated one critic to proclaim that Miles would have formed it if Milne had not.

9 p.m. Garland Jeffreys (General Motors stage) – The Ghost Writer returns to the scene of a 2002 love-in tucked away in a corner of the Place des Arts esplanade. He's out in the open now.

Boundary breakers



ALLEN McINNIS THE GAZETTE
Jazz trio The Bad Plus – bassist Reid Anderson (shown), pianist Ethan Iverson and drummer David King – played the Spectrum last night. The musicians complement their own compositions with interpretations of everything from the standards to Nirvana and Black Sabbath.

FESTIVAL NOTES

Brown benefits from backing

MONTREALER SHARES GLORY WITH TRIO

And electrified trumpets cry, sigh, whisper and shriek like human voices

Jeri Brown's performance at Club Soda Sunday benefited from ace backing by the Onaje Allan Gumbs Trio – and the part-time Montrealer clearly knew it, often yielding the floor to the simmering piano/bass/drums combo. Four-octave vocal range or not, this was not a performer out to fill every single bar of music with her own glory.

For the sake of diversity, it would have been pleasing to hear more of Brown's lower register; improvised vocal lines were often a touch too shrill. But then, with a nearly two-hour-long concert ranging from a cool-blue journey through The Windmills of Your Mind to the gospel rave-up that closed the main set, diversity wasn't exactly in short supply.

JORDAN ZIVITZ

Walk around the festival site, and you'll find a quick-stop guide to the day's entertainment posted at various locations. It's a valuable resource, but not a flawless one. Let's just hope there weren't any **J.J. Cale** fans who saw his photo on yesterday's bulletin and raced over to the Spectrum for an evening of down-home guitar greatness, only to find **John Cale** exploring the dark and esoteric recesses of the mind. J.J. performed a pre-fest show on June 26; maybe there should be a no-two-surnames-alike policy.

JZ

Electronic trumpeter **Jon Hassell** once described his Fourth World aesthetic as "a unified primitive/futuristic sound combining features of world ethnic styles with advanced electronic techniques." The 67-year-old Memphis native's contemplative type of Tribal Techno found favour in Europe, including acolytes like Brian Eno and Peter Gabriel, and Sunday night at the Spectrum he painstakingly constructed nothing less than a cathedral of sound. This was a grand slow-mo trance, deep-pulse listening, like watching tumbling grains of sound, nothing/everything happening.

If three electrified trumpets (with **Erik Truffaz** and **Paolo Fresu**) might appear redundant, they gloriously sounded like human voices – cries and sighs and whispers and shrieks. This was made even more evident by the real wails (electronically treated, of course) of oud-plucking **Dhafer Youssef.** With **Eivind Aarset** applying nuance-filled electronic guitar embroidery, swatches of sound manipulation from **DJ Stratum** (the stage filled with sound-boxes, pedals, laptops, gizmos and miles of wire), and gracefully undulating bass lines floating in the ozone – this was the Starship Enterprise of a different kind. Watching them all calmly paint a vast sound canvas was a unique festival experience. Wow.

JUAN RODRIGUEZ

Add another Radiohead rendition to **Brad Mehldau's** repertoire. The 33-year-old piano wizard's elegiac version of Exit Song (from OK Computer) is his most requested song among his contemporaries, and he recently included Everything in its Right Place (from Kid A) on his new Anything Goes album. At the Gesù on Saturday night, he presented "something we're fooling around with now" in Knives Out (from Amnesiac). He draws feeling from what Radiohead represents to a generation, which may be the true meaning of their music anyway. His final encore of Exit Song is now a comment on him – Mr. Gen X Jazzbo – doing Radiohead, and this version is now more get-it-over disconnect than elegy. Fascinating figure, this Mehldau.

JUAN RODRIGUEZ

Saturday night was as good a testimony as any to the jazz festival's ability to provide a wide palette of sounds on its various open-air stages. **Mandinga's** Afro-Peruvian groove and its colourful, animated dancers won some new fans on the Bleue Légère stage, with no small amount of credit going to the group's Latin-Calypso hybrid and fresh vocal harmonies. A half-hour later, **Les Moonlight Girls,** a Montreal trio in love with the easy swing of the Andrews Sisters, walked onto the Loto-Québec stage and sang some of that trio's Second World War-era hits, like Bei Mir Bist Du Schon and Near You, somehow managing to slip in an unreleased Beau Dommage song. And how about those red dresses? Celebrating their 20th year together, the **Shuffle Demons** drew a large crowd to the General Motors stage, where they sent beautiful, wailing, interweaving sax phrases out of a Mingus memory into the summer-night air. It was a perfect festival moment, but for the many who don't really come to listen to music, the novelty funk of **Deli Tray and the Funkin' Pumpkin** kept things accessible. Back at the Bleue Légère stage again, **Wise,** a techno-jazz quintet from France, offended purists and delighted those with an open mind as trumpet player Guillaume Poncelet blew through an effects processor and keyboard player Robin Notte played a funky solo. There was more than a little Bitches Brew-era Miles Davis in the air.

BERNARD PERUSSE

If you lose contact with friends or a planned rendezvous falls through, don't forget to check the message board at the Village du Festival, just east of Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier. Messages like "James, I'm back," "Florent, where are you?" and "I've been looking for you for ages. What are you doing? Please come and get me" are posted regularly, along with suggested meeting times and places. In one recent instance, a pretty messy breakup note stood out among the mundane messages. Perhaps the timing could have been better.

BP

CONCERT REVIEWS

Cale reaffirms genius

From subtle to simply riveting

JORDAN ZIVITZ
THE GAZETTE

There are few greater thrills than a visit from an iconic figure who hasn't let his muse desert him. And there were few greater places to be last night than the Spectrum, watching John Cale reaffirm his genius after too many years away from the studio and the stage.

Cale only introduced a few songs from his new HoboSapiens CD (out here in September); the 1970s – when the former Velvet Undergrounder's solo career was at its most fertile – provided much of the set list. Cale alternated between piano and guitar; two backing musicians provided harmonies, and subtle guitar, lap steel, harmonica and banjo.

The first of two sets made good on the hypnotic pull Cale promised in a recent interview, particularly in an effortless segue from the Hobo track Over Her Head to Frozen Warnings, a surprise from VU chanteuse Nico's masterpiece The Marble Index.

Amazingly, the second set was even more riveting, with a hint of violence to counter the overriding elegance. Cable Hogue featured caustic lap steel and a traumatized vocal; a deranged shriek slammed the door on Fear Is a Man's Best Friend. The stately Paris 1919 was more typical, but no less engaging.

Encores included the seductive I Keep a Close Watch, Cale's heart-wrenching rendition of Leonard Cohen's Hallelujah, and the promise of a quick return: "We'll see you in a little while. I'll remember you guys." Meet you at the front of the line this fall.

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Gismonti lacks rigour – and jazz

ARTHUR KAPTAINIS
GAZETTE MUSIC CRITIC

As one of the world's more protean artists, Egberto Gismonti has probably earned a place at one of the world's most omnivorous jazz festivals. Yet in his concert last night with I Musici de Montréal in Théâtre Maisonneuve, the veteran Brazilian composer and instrumentalist aligned himself with every musical genre other than jazz.

He began on his own, playing the 12-string classical guitar he more or less invented. Many were the weird and wonderful sounds, ranging from sitar imitations to stiff, harplike pluckings to raucous glissando effects reminiscent of the golden age of electronic music. To call Gismonti a virtuoso is to confine him with conventional praise.

All this was highly diverting for the first 15 minutes, but the absence of rigour and emotion soon took its toll. There were traces of tango and what one might call electro bossa nova, but the patterns were often generic in the international minimalist manner. As for the advertised rain forest content, we had to take on faith.

Matters worsened with the arrival of the orchestra under Yuli Turovsky, who was reduced on this occasion to a pit conductor. Two plucky pulse-pieces led to a sudden intermission.

Piano was the instrument of the second half. Gismonti opened with an atonal flourish to remind us of his lessons with the hard-core modernist Jean Barraqué. But what ensued with the orchestra was a sequence of easy-listening embarrassments, the second lacking only vocals by Bill Murray. Gismonti's allusion to Ravel's Concerto in G was, to put it mildly, superfluous.

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